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## THE EPSOM WATERS.



VIEW OF THE OLD WELLS.

Our present subject may be "a day after the fair," or a week after the Races; but, we hope it will not prove a whit the less interesting to the reader. The fame of Epsom Salts is, at least, as worthy of record as that of Epsom Races.\*

The celebrity of the mineral spring at Epsom is of earlier date than that of the Races: indeed, the latter may be regarded as one of the results of the discovery of the waters, in 1618. It was the first found spring of the kind in England, and was the signal for improvement in Epsom. The enlargement of the town did not, however, take place to any extent, until, in 1670, the gay Duchess of Cleveland pulled down the palace of Nonsuch,† with the materials of which many large mansions were built in Epsom.

\* We have already illustrated the past and present fame of Epsom Races, see the origin of the races, *Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 339—361; and an Engraving of the New Race Stand, see *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 353.

† For an Engraving of the Nonsuch Palace, about three miles from Epsom, see *Mirror*, vol. xi. p. 97.

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The springs are pleasantly situated on the common, between Epsom and Ashted, to the north-west of the turnpike-road. They were discovered by one Henry Wicker, who, observing a small hole in the ground full of water in a dry summer, enlarged it, for the purpose of watering his cattle; but they would not drink the water. This caused some inquiry to be made into the reason of their refusal, and the water was at length supposed to be aluminous. It was at first used for healing sores and curing wounds; but, about 1630, some labourers, who accidentally drank it, found it to be purgative. The discovery of the spring is, however, much disputed; and other accounts carry it back to the time of Elizabeth, or James I.

In August, 1769, "A Concise Historical Account of the Old Epsom Well" appeared in Lloyd's *Evening Post*. It begins with stating that, before any house was erected, it was called "Flower-dale," on account of its mild, salubrious air; that, towards the end

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of the reign of Elizabeth, the pond was frequented by country people who were troubled with ulcers, &c. In the reign of James I. some physicians visited the pond, and analyzed the water, which they found to contain a bitter cathartic salt. The spring now became more generally known, Epsom was visited by strangers, the lord of the manor built a shed to shelter the invalid visitors, and inclosed the wells with a wall. About this period, Drs. Grew, Moulton, and others, analyzed the water: they reported it to contain a soluble bitter acid salt, consisting of eight parts of nitre and one of earth, without any alum, as before supposed; and that it was diluent, absorbent, diuretic, gently cathartic, and innocent in operation. Soon afterwards, salts were prepared from the waters, and sold at the extravagant price of 5s. per ounce.

Fashion had now dignified the Epsom spring with her recommendation; and about the year 1690, the concourse of families and foreigners resorting to Epsom, to drink the waters, was so great, that Mr. Parkhurst, then lord of the manor, enlarged the building at the Wells, by erecting a ball-room, 70 ft. long, with other conveniences; he also inclosed a piece of ground with a brick wall, coped with free-stone, a portion of which wall was standing about eight years since. Mr. Parkhurst also planted the neighbouring grounds with avenues of elms. The village now became a haunt of fashion; lodging-houses were built for the visitors; taverns, at that time reputed to be the largest in England, were opened; sedan chairs and numbered coaches attended. There was a public breakfast, with dancing and music, every morning, at the Wells; there was also a ride, as in Hyde Park; and on the Downs, races were held daily at noon,—with cudgelling and wrestling matches, foot-races, &c. in the afternoon. The evenings were usually spent in private parties, assemblies, or cards; and neither Bath nor Tunbridge boasted of more noble visitors than did Epsom at the time we are describing.

The Wells, however, from 1704 to 1715, gradually lost their reputation, the cause of which was unknown at the time; but afterwards appeared to be owing to the knavery of an adventurous apothecary, who purchased some land in the town of Epsom, and thereon built assembly and gaming-rooms, shops for milliners, jewellers, toymen, &c.; planted a grove, made a bowling-green, sunk a well, and laid on the water into a basin in the assembly-room, calling this establishment the New Wells, and by its novelties alluring the company from the Old Wells.\* The water

of the New Wells, however, proved inefficacious, and that of the Old Wells fell into disrepute for want of a distinction. The cunning apothecary subsequently contrived to monopolize the whole concern, by procuring the lease of the Old Wells, which he locked up until near his death, in 1727. At the time of the South Sea Bubble, in 1720, the alchemists, Dutch, Germans, Jews, &c. filled the village; its balls and amusements were revived, and gaming prevailed to an alarming extent; several large houses were built; and among the celebrated visitors of this period was Mrs. Mapp, the female bonesetter, known to all readers of the marvellous. When the Bubble burst, Epsom was again deserted; but it became, as it now remains, a wealthy and respectable village, without retaining any of its former vicious sources of amusement.

From this period, we have little to record of Epsom as a public resort. The buildings of the Old Wells were repaired, and although the town was not so much frequented by strangers, the neighbouring gentry still came to the Wells every Monday in the summer, and had a public breakfast, with music, dancing, and cards, till about three o'clock. This custom, however, soon declined, and the waters gradually fell into disrepute. Between the years 1760 and 1770, a surgeon from London attempted to revive the fame of the spring, by preparing magnesia with the water, and opening the rooms for public breakfast; but he was unsuccessful.

At length, in 1804, the mansion at the Old Wells was entirely pulled down, the ground was sold, and the purchaser built thereon the small dwelling-house seen in the annexed Engraving. The well is preserved, as are also the old walls which inclose the garden; but the spring is now only visited by curious strangers, who have little or no faith in the mineral waters.†

The Epsom water is transparent and colourless, and at first appears tasteless, but leaves a decidedly bitter and saltish taste upon the tongue. Mr. Booth observes, "it has never been analyzed with any considerable accuracy, but the contents are principally sulphate of magnesia, with but a small portion of the murates of lime and magnesia." Sulphate of magnesia is almost constantly an ingredient of those mineral waters which have purgative properties. It was first discovered in the spring at Epsom, whence it

the attractions, natural and artificial, of Epsom, in glowing colours.

† In the summers of 1822 and 1823, Mr. Whitlaw and Dr. Fidduck, celebrated for their American remedies for scrofula, sent several of their patients, afflicted with diseased livers, scrofula, or an impure state of the blood, &c., to drink the Epsom waters, combined with decoctions of their American medicinal herbs; all of whom were either cured or materially benefited within a few weeks.

\* This adventurous, overreaching spirit has ruined other resorts besides Epsom. In the reign of Queen Anne, 1711, Mr. Toland published a flowery *Description of Epsom, with the humours and politics of the place*, in a letter to Eudoxa, wherein he enumerates

derives its common name, *Epsom Salts*. Dr. Ure dates its discovery in 1610. As we have stated, such was its celebrity, that, at one period, it could but with difficulty be purchased at 5s. per ounce;—it may now be obtained in any druggist's shop at one penny per ounce. The discovery of the salt in the Epsom water, and its high price led chemists to seek it elsewhere; and, at the present day, probably not an ounce of Epsom salts is annually made from the original water. It is now, according to Brande, usually obtained from sea-water, the residue of which, after the separation of common salt, is known by the name of *bittern*, and contains sulphate and muriate of magnesia; the latter is decomposed by sulphuric acid: a portion of muriate of magnesia often remains in the sulphate, and renders it deliquescent; it is also occasionally obtained from saline springs, (though we believe not from those at Epsom;) and sometimes by the action of sulphuric acid on magnesian lime-stone. It has been found native, constituting the *bitter and hair salt* of mineralogists: it not unfrequently occurs as a fine capillary, (or hair-like,) incrustation upon the damp walls of cellars and new buildings.\*

The extensive use of sulphate of magnesia in medicine as an aperient need only be mentioned to show the caprice of the public in neglecting the Epsom waters. Indeed, Epsom salts are often the active principle of a prescription, for which the dyspeptic patient pays a guinea or two to a fashionable physician; and many an eighteenpenny draught is but a coloured solution of a few dwts. of this effective salt. It is difficult, therefore, to account for the neglect of the Epsom water otherwise than we have stated. The activity of the most celebrated mineral springs in England is attributable to their containing this salt; and some in less proportions than the Epsom water. Thus, a gallon of the famed Cheltenham water is found to contain 555 grains, of which 480 grains are pure Epsom Salts combined with Glauber. In the springs of Pyrmont and Seidlitz, this salt also occurs in large proportions; and many years since, Dr. Hoffman decided that the Epsom waters had "a considerable affinity to that of Seidlitz, in Bohemia," the high price of the salts of which, in this country, is to be regretted by all but the venders.

We suspect, however, that the cause of the sinking fame of all mineral waters is now generally understood. The *rationale* of their beneficial effects lay in the change of air and scene materially aiding the active properties of the waters. Toland sagaciously observed this of the Epsom waters, when he said it was not surprising if citizens of London coming to Epsom, "from the worst of smoke

to the best of airs," speedily found themselves restored to perfect health.

Our acknowledgment for the annexed Engraving, and certain of the historical particulars in the preceding columns, are due to the author of the ingenious *History of Epsom*, already recommended to our readers.

#### THE PIRATE LEADER, TO HIS BAND.

OVER the wave we're bounding,  
As the stag bounds o'er the stream;  
And upon the brow of ocean  
Our white sails dimly gleam,  
Like the phantom-shapes that people  
The pirates' mountain dream.  
Like sea-birds on the billow,  
As tameless and as free,  
We sweep our stormy empire,  
Whose throne belongs to me;  
And monarchs bow submissive  
To our thunder on the sea.

The noble oak shall never  
To its servile foemen quail;  
But brave the wintry tempest,  
And stem the wintry gale;  
Like a hero's heart unshaken,  
When winds and waves prevail!  
Then, o'er the foamy billow,  
Our gallant bark shall glide;  
And our deathless scenes of triumph  
Shall consecrate the tide,  
With our meteor-flag unfolded—  
The symbol of our pride!

Oh! be it ours, companions!  
To dare the stormy wave;  
And scorn the festive pleasures  
Of sensualist and slave;  
For battle, wreck, and tempest,  
Shall never daunt the brave!

G. R. C.

#### PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THERE are two Libraries within the walls of the Seraglio, for the use of the Imperial Household;—they were founded by Ahmed III. and Mustapha III., and enriched with books acquired by themselves or by their successors. These libraries contain upwards of 15,000 volumes; and the number is continually increasing, either by purchase, by donations made to the sovereign by his grantees, or by the confiscations which he frequently makes of the effects of public officers, among which some books are always to be found.

Concerning the contents of these libraries much uncertainty has prevailed, and many erroneous reports have been circulated. The Abbé Sevin was deterred from making further research by the assurances he had received—that Amurath IV. had burned all the Greek manuscripts they contained. He deemed further inquiry fruitless. Succeeding travellers, relying on assurances that were equally undeserving of credit, have asserted, that in them were preserved the ancient collections of the Greek emperors. More fortunate than preceding travellers, the Abbé Toderini, (after three years' unremit-

\* Manual of Chemistry, vol. i. p. 477.

attempts, during his residence in Constantinople,) found means to procure transcripts of the present catalogue of the libraries of the Seraglio, by means of an attendant page, who clandestinely transcribed a few lines every day.

From the inquiries of this learned Abbé, it appears, that the worth of the Seraglio libraries has been greatly exaggerated. The collections are much inferior to some of those which are open to the public. Commentaries, explanations, marginal notes, &c., on the Koran, occupy the largest portion;—to these succeed treatises on jurisprudence, also with commentaries and marginal notes; philosophy, logic, astronomy, arithmetic, medicine, and ethics. The historical works are few in number, and chiefly confined to the Ottoman empire. There are some manuscripts, in the Greek, Latin, and other European languages; but no traces are to be found of the lost Decades of Livy, of the works of Homer or Tacitus, or [of such parts as are wanting to complete the works of other ancient authors.

Besides the libraries of the Seraglio, Constantinople possesses thirty-two public libraries, of various sizes, and all celebrated for the number and value of their manuscripts.

The MSS. in the Turkish libraries are neatly bound in red, green, or black morocco. The Mohammedans have a peculiar method of endorsing, placing, and preserving their books: each volume, besides being bound in morocco leather, is preserved from dust by a case of the same material, on which, as well as on the edges of the leaves, the title is written in large characters.

All these libraries are open to the inspection of the public throughout the year, except on Tuesdays and Fridays; and the librarians are polite and attentive to those whom curiosity or love of study may attract thither. Every one is at liberty, not merely to peruse, but to make extracts from, the books, and even to transcribe them entirely; but only within the library, as the regulations of these establishments do not admit of any volumes being lent out to read.

In order to facilitate military researches, each library is furnished with an exact catalogue, containing the title, and giving a short account of the subject of, each volume. Theology, (including the Koran and commentators thereon, as well as the oral laws of the prophet,) jurisprudence, philosophy, metaphysics, medicine, ethics, and history, are the sciences chiefly cultivated by the followers of Mohammed. The books are written with the greatest care, on the finest vellum; the text of each page is inclosed in a highly-ornamented and gilt frame-work; the beginning of each chapter, or section, is splendidly illuminated with golden letters. Hence, the value of the manuscripts is greatly enhanced,

and their prices vary in proportion to the beauty of the characters.

FERNANDO.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE:

### PUBLIC WALKS AND GARDENS.

(Concluded from page 324.)

In the last century, the suburbs of London had their public walks, which the giant Monopoly has covered with forests of trim-built villas and groves of chimneys. The multiplicity of *Mineral Springs* had their gardens and promenades—as Bagnigge Wells, Bermondsey, St. Chad, Dog and Duck, Dulwich, Hampstead, Hoxton, Islington, Kilburn, Lambeth, Norwood, St. Pancras, Streatham, Shadwell, Woodford, &c. With few exceptions, these fountains have dried up, and public patronage has, as Spenser phrases it, “welled forth away” from them. The mineral springs were neglected, and the medicinal associations of the spot forgotten. The fashion of *Tea-drinking* succeeded: hence the *Tea-gardens* round London.\* Sadler’s Wells, Copenhagen House, (originally opened by a Dane,) and Highbury Barn, all in the neighbourhood of Islington, were among the most celebrated resorts north of London. Islington has also been famous for its cows, for centuries past.† Hampstead has been a favourite resort since the commencement of the 17th century, when it teemed with amusements and dissipation. The original tea-gardens at Bayswater were about sixty years ago, the property of the late Sir John Hill, who here cultivated his medicinal plants, and prepared from them his tinctures, essences, &c. Chelsea, though now proverbial for its dullness, was formerly a place of great gaiety. Thousands flocked to Salter’s, or, as it was dubbed, Don Saltero’s Coffee-house, in Cheyne Walk; the buns were eaten by princesses; and the public were allowed to walk in thirteen acres of avenues of lime and horse-chestnut trees, in the extensive gardens adjoining the College. This privilege was disallowed in 1806; but, within these few weeks, these grounds have again been opened to the public.‡

*Wauxhall*, until the year 1730, resembled a tea-garden of our days, “planted with trees and laid out into walks;” and it was not until the above date that it became exclusively a place of evening entertainment; for, Addison refers to it as Spring Garden, and speaks of “the choirs of birds that sung upon

\* It is somewhat curious that Tea should be distinctively drunk in *gardens*, and Coffee in *houses*; for we never hear of a Coffee-garden, or a Tea-house.

† In the entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575, by the Earl of Leicester, the Squier Minstrel of Middlesex makes a long speech in praise of Islington, whose motto is declared to be, “*Lac cascus infans*.”

‡ *Kew Gardens* and *Richmond Park*—the former nine, and the latter ten miles from the metropolis—can scarcely be included in its recreative resorts.

the trees." *Ranelagh* was a still more artificial world than *Vauxhall*: though the former had its little grove, lake, temple, bridge, &c. fashion marked out the stupendous rotunda, 150 feet diameter, for the favourite display of her follies.

*Clapham Common* owes its present park-like appearance to the public spirit of the neighbouring residents; for, originally, the common was little better than a morass. In this instance, the Londoner of the present century is a gainer. In the meantime, he has lost the grove at *Camberwell*, probably, within the reader's recollection, the most delightfully overarching avenue near the metropolis, with the generous *Dr. Lettsom's* rustic retreat, embosomed in its silvan pride. All has vanished, as by necromantic art, and a vista of lath and plaster appeared in place of the "embowering grove."

*Greenwich* is scarcely without our pale; so that we extend our walk to its beautiful *Park*. It contains 188 acres, walled round by *James I.* and planted with elms and Spanish chestnuts in intersecting rows, and avenues by *Le Nôtre*, in the reign of *Charles II.* Probably, *John Evelyn* gave some suggestion in its disposal, for he was the first treasurer of the Hospital. The *Park* itself, independent of its prospects, is delightfully picturesque; and *Mr. Loudon* considers "the coup d'œil of the metropolis from this park as interesting a thing of the kind as exists."

By this hasty sketch, we have shown that almost the only walks reserved for the people are on the verge of the metropolis. The gardens of the *Inns of Court*, and the squares, are, we repeat, mere oases, in comparison with the promenades of our forefathers. It is true, the *Temple Garden*† is open to the public during the summer months; and circumscribed as is the pleasantness, the brief privilege of its enjoyment, makes the Londoner regret that the margin of the *Thames* has not many such resorts. Even the sight of the private gardens formerly on the banks of the river must have been refreshing: as, old *Somerset House*, with its geometrical garden, for which *Sir William Chambers's* fine terrace is but an uninteresting substitute. *Inigo Jones* built a water-gate for the *Somerset* gardens, as he did also for *York Palace*, the gate of which remains to this day, at the end of *Buckingham-street*, *Strand*.‡

\* *Monacoyns*, about 1663, describes *Spring Gardens*, or *Vauxhall*, "as much resorted to, having grass and sand walks; dividing squares of twenty or thirty yards, which were inclosed with hedges of gooseberries, whilst within were raspberries, roses, beans, and asparagus." For a concise description of *Vauxhall*, with an Engraving of the Gardens, nearly a century since, see *Mirror*, vol. xvi.

† The *Temple Garden* is referred to by *Shakespeare* as the arena of the feud which gave rise to the celebrated *York* and *Lancaster* wars.—See *Henry IV.*

‡ Leading to this *Water Gate* is a short terrace,

The gardens of the *Inns of Court*, except those of the *Temple* and *Gray's Inn*, are open only to the residents. In *Gray's Inn* there is one of the finest avenues in or near the metropolis; and *Verulam Buildings*, close by, will remind the visitor that the great *Lord Bacon* studied here, and probably enjoyed this very walk; for he was a philosophical lover of gardens. The grounds of *Lincoln's Inn* are likewise of some extent, and have a noble terrace; but those of the remaining *Inns* are, for the most part, pent up with buildings, with here and there a mutilated and forlorn tree; and the name of *Fig-tree Court*, in the *Temple*, denotes the spot to have once had more rural scenery than at present. In *Covent Garden* the olden association is more strictly preserved; though we have colonnades of stone for leafy arcades, the display of Nature's bounty is still profuse; and, in certain respects, it is still a garden, though with none of her refreshing quiet.

The *Squares* of London scarcely fall within the list of its public gardens; though some of these inclosures are laid out with much taste: that of *Lincoln's Inn*, or the "*Fields*," is one of the finest. Few of the western squares existed before 1770; their sites were then rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen-gardens.

The scarcity of public walks in London has led to innumerable suggestions. A few years since, *Colonel Trench* proposed the formation of an open quay on the banks of the *Thames*, for pleasure as well as commerce; but the plan was considered too expensive, and was not entertained. Another project, of opening to view *St. Paul's Cathedral* from the river, by public walks and terraces, experienced a similar reception; and we have just seen an engraved plan of *Trafalgar Square*, *Charing Cross*, planted and laid out in parterres and walks, with a trophied fountain and other embellishments; a project which may not be lost sight of in the alterations in progress in that quarter.

*Boulevards*, or bulwark walks, are among the most admired recreations of the cities on the continent: they are broad roads, planted on both sides with trees, near the margin of the city, originally formed on ramparts, and completely encircling it. *Paris* has eighteen of these *Boulevards*, which are fine equestrian promenades, though many of their trees were cut down in the late revolution.

*Mr. Loudon* suggests that "a promenade might be formed in the margin of London, of a very interesting kind, by continuing the street called the *New Road* through *Hyde Park*, entering close to where *Kensington Gardens* leave off, proceeding thence across

planted with rows of lime-trees; to which the residents in the neighbourhood have access by keys; and the walk is neatly kept by a person who is paid by subscription among those who enjoy the privilege.

the Serpentine River, and coming out exactly opposite Sloane-street: then along this street and part of the King's Road, to the road leading to Vauxhall Bridge; from this bridge along roads already formed, and as may be seen by the map, well suited to lead to Blackheath; then turn towards London through Greenwich Park, so as to display the best views of the metropolis over Greenwich Hospital; form a viaduct, or road, or a cast-iron colonnade, across the river, sufficiently high to admit ships in full sail to pass under; descend this, and join the City Road, which joins the New Road, and completes the circle.\*

What a joyful scene would be the holiday population of London poured forth upon this boulevard, and thus gaining a grand view of the metropolis, and by a few digressions, glancing at all the most interesting gardens, scenery, and objects in the suburbs, in one day. This would indeed be a fit scene for the amusement of the people; and if such a road were margined with gardens, their exhilarating beauties would gladden the eyes and hearts of thousands who now seek relaxation in pleasures that poison life, and wither up the best energies of man. To whom can pure air and gardens furnish more enjoyment than to the inhabitants of a densely populated city? and we see the zest for such pleasures in thousands of houses in our metropolis. But, this almost universal passion for gardens has been thus forcibly illustrated by the ingenious author just quoted:

"The laborious journeyman mechanic, whose residence in large cities is often in the air, rather than on the earth, decorates his garret window with a few garden pots. The debtor, deprived of personal liberty, and the pauper in the workhouse, divested of all property in external things, and without any fixed object on which to place their affections, sometimes resort to this symbol of the territorial appropriation and enjoyment. So natural is it for all to fancy they have an inherent right in the soil, and so necessary to happiness to exercise the affections, by having some object on which to place them."†

PHILO.

\* Encyclopædia of Gardening.

† Ibid.

### Anecdote Gallery.

#### BUONAPARTANIA.\*

ONE day, at the camp of Boulogne, Napoleon, accompanied by some engineers, was walking on the beach, and an old sailor was there also; they met, and the old tar, without seeming the least embarrassed, answered with much promptness to the questions put to him. During this discourse, the Emperor took out his gold snuff-box and opened it mechanically; the sailor, on seeing it, first

saluted the Emperor familiarly, and then plunged his two fingers into the box. "The deuce!" exclaimed Napoleon, "it seems, comrade, that you like it." The sailor disconcerted at this remark, let fall the pinch, and began to apologize. The Emperor shut the box. "Here, my brave fellow," said he, "as you like the snuff so well, take the box also." The old sailor ever after was continually relating this anecdote. There was not a cabin boy but was anxious to see the snuff-box; and this little adventure rendered Napoleon more popular in the fleet, than if they had received a present of six months' day.

Soon after the elevation of Buonaparte to the consulship, he sent for Madame de Montesson, the reputed widow of the Duke of Orleans, and desired to know if there was any thing in which he could be of service to her. "General," said she, "I have no claim upon your generosity." "Do you not know," said Buonaparte, "that I received from you my first crown? You came to Brienne, with the Duke of Orleans, to distribute the prizes, and placing upon my head the laurel wreath, which was the precursor of others, you said, 'May it be lucky to you!' It is said that I am a fatalist: thus it is very natural that I should remember this circumstance, which you have forgotten. It will afford me great pleasure to be of service to you."

NO WHERE, unless it were on the field of battle, (says M. de Bourrienne,) have I seen Buonaparte more delighted, than in his gardens at Malmaison. During the early part of the consulate, we retired thither every Saturday evening, staying over Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Here the Consul made study give place a little to walking, and overseeing in person the improvements which he had ordered. At first he sometimes visited the environs, until the report of the police poisoned his native feelings of security, by insinuating fears of royalist partisans lying in wait to carry him off. For the first four or five days, on getting possession, he amused himself, after breakfast, in calculating the income, omitting nothing, not even the care of the park, and the price of the vegetables. He found the whole amount to be 8,000 francs (333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) of rent. "That is not so bad," were his words, "but to live here, one would require an income of 30,000 francs." (1,250*l.*) I fell a laughing heartily to see him seriously apply to this inquiry. These humble desires were not of long duration.

In 1815, Lanjuinais was elected President of the Chamber of Representatives. On this occasion he had an interview with Napoleon. Napoleon.—Sir, there is now no room for

\* See also page 294.



double dealing, you must reply to my questions. Lanjuinais.—Sire, I will with the rapidity of lightning; I make no compromise with my conscience. Napoleon.—Are you of my party? Lanjuinais.—I have never been of any man's party; I have always belonged to my duty. Napoleon.—You equivocate; will you obey me? Lanjuinais.—Yes, Sire, according to the tenor of my duty. Napoleon.—But you hate me? Lanjuinais.—I have the happiness never to have hated any one; I have always, as far as possible, indulged a kindly disposition, and exercised beneficence even towards those who for eighteen months made me liable to be killed at sight. At these words the Emperor held out his arms and embraced him; and from that moment they stood in amicable relation to each other.

W. G. C.

### Retrospective Gleanings.

#### ASSIMILATION.

OWEN FELTHAM SAYS:—"Through the whole world this holds in general, and is the end of all, that every thing labours to make the thing it meets with, like itself. Fire converts all to fire. Air exsiccates and draws to itself. Water moistens, and resolveth what it meets withal. Earth changes all that we commit to her, to her own nature. The world is all vicissitude and conversion. Nor is it only true in materials and substances, but even in spirits, in incorporeals; nay, in these there is more aptness; they mix more subtilly, and pass into one another with a nimbler glide. So we see infection sooner taken by breath than contact: and thus it is in dispositions too. The soldier labours to make his companion valiant; the scholar endeavours to have his friend learned; the bad man would have his company like himself; and the good man strives to frame others virtuous. Every man will be busy in dispensing that quality, which is predominant in him. Whence this caveat may well become us, to beware both whom and what we choose to live withal. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of time, assimilate us to itself. The choice, therefore, of a man's company, is one of the most weighty actions of our lives: for, our future well or ill being depends on that election. If we choose ill, every day declines us to worse; we have a perpetual weight hanging on us, that is ever sinking us down to vice. But if we choose well, we have a hand of virtue, gently lifting us to a continual rising nobleness. Antisthenes used to wonder at those, that were curious but in buying an earthen dish, to see that it had no cracks, nor inconveniences, and yet would be careless in the choice of friends; to take them with the

flaws of vice. Surely a man's companion is a second genius, to sway him to the white, or bad. A good man is like the day, enlightening and warming all he shines on, and is always raising upward, to a region of more constant purity, than that wherein it finds the object. The bad man is like the night, dark, obstruding fears, and dimitting unwholesome vapours upon all that rest beneath. Nature is so far from making any thing absolutely idle, that even to stones and dullest metals, she hath given an operation: they grow, and spread, in our general mother's veins: and by a cunning way of encroachment, cozen the earth of itself: and when they meet a brothered constitution, they then unite and fortify. Hence grows the height of friendship, when two similar souls shall blend in their commixions. This causes, that we seldom see different dispositions to be entirely loving. It is likeness that makes the true love, not of friendship. When we find another of our own disposition, what is it, but the same soul in a divided body? What find we, but ourselves intermutually transposed, each into other? And nature, that makes us love ourselves, makes us, with the same reason, love those that are like us. For this, a friend is a more sacred name than a brother. What avails it to have the bodies from the same original, when the souls within them differ? I believe, that the applause which the ancients gave to equal friendship, was to be understood of the likeness of minds, rather than of estate, or years: for, we find no season, nor no degree of man, but hath been happy with this sun of the world, friendship: whereas in joining dispositions, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I think, if the minds be consonant, the best friendship is between different fortunes. He that is low, looks upward with a greater loving reverence: and he that is high looks downward more affectionately; when he takes it to be for his honour, to favour his inferior, whom he cannot choose but love the more for magnifying him. Something I would look to outwards; but in a friend, I would especially choose him full of worth, that if I be not so myself, he yet may work me like him. So for company, books, or whatsoever; I would, if I have freedom, choose the best: though at first I should not fancy them, continual use will alter me, and then I shall gain by their graces. If judgment direct me right in my choice, custom, winning upon my will, will never fail in time to draw that after it."

W. G. C.

#### From the Court Rolls of Temple Wycombe.

20 Hen. 8.—April 14. Geo. Sawyer's wife, presented, for keeping ill government in her inn. Bailiffs ordered to remove her.  
26 Eliz.—March 12. A presentment against the inhabitants of Wycomb, for not keeping bows and arrows.

M. L. B.



SITE OF BABYLON.

"Babylon is fallen." *Isaiah*, xxxi. 9.

BABYLON was for ages the most famous city in the whole world. Its walls, which were reckoned among the "wonders of the world," appeared rather like the bulwarks of nature than the workmanship of man. Their extent, height and breadth, are variously stated: the first is estimated by Major Rennell, from conflicting testimonies, to have been 34 miles; and the lowest statement of their height is 75 feet, and the breadth at 32 feet. The temple of Belus, half a mile in circumference and a furlong in height—the hanging gardens, which, piled in successive terraces, towered as high as the walls—the embankments which restrained the Euphrates—the hundred brazen gates—and the adjoining artificial lake—all displayed many of the mightiest works of mortals concentrated in a single spot, which is now a trackless desert. Immense tumuli of temples, palaces, and human habitations of every description are everywhere seen, and form long and varied lines of ruins, which, in some places, rather resemble natural hills than mounds which cover the remains of great and splendid edifices. Babylon is fallen, literally fallen to such a degree, that those who stand on its site, and look on numerous parallel mounds with a hollow space between them, are sometimes at a loss to distinguish between the remains of a street or a canal, or to tell where the crowds frequented, or where the water flowed. The view of Babylon, as taken from the spot, is truly a picture of utter desolation, presenting its heaps to the eye, and showing how, as if literally buried under them, Babylon is brought down to the grave. One traveller, towards the end of the last century, passed over the site of this renowned city, without being conscious of having traversed it.

To the left in the Engraving is seen the majestic Euphrates, and in the opposite direction are vast pools or excavations which have been formed by workmen in digging

for bricks; these pools have been filled by the overflowing of the river. The whole scene has a dreary, lonely nakedness, and there reigns around "a silence profound as the grave: Babylon is now a silent scene, a sublime solitude." Neither the shepherd nor the Arab, who fearlessly traverse the spot by day could now be persuaded to remain a single night among the ruins. The superstitious dread of evil spirits, far more than the natural terror of the wild beasts, effectually prevents them. The caverns in the ruins are the refuge of jackalls. Two or three lordly lions were seen upon the heights by Sir Robert Ker Porter, and the broad prints of their feet were left plain in the clayey soil.

We quote these impressive details from the Rev. Mr. Keith's valuable work on Prophecy,\* wherein the author has shown the most erudite and unwearied research in identifying the fulfilment of prophecy with the present face of the countries, their ruins of past ages, &c. The Engraving is from a print in Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylon, &c. In parting with this very interesting subject, we must acknowledge the truth and force of an observation in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*: "the records of the human race do not present a contrast more striking than that between the primeval magnificence of Babylon and its long desolation."

#### GRATITUDE.

EPICURUS says—"Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it." And where is the virtue, say I, that has not? But still the virtue is to be valued for itself, and not for the profit that attends it.—*Seneca*.

\* Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion, derived from the literal fulfilment of Prophecy; particularly as illustrated by the history of the Jews and by the discoveries of recent Travellers. By the Rev. Alexander Keith. Tenth Edition, 1833.



## MEMORIALS OF THE RESTORATION.



(Watch Key.)

THE above Engravings represent a curious heart-shaped watch-key, and a pair of snuffers, stand, and extinguisher. The originals were given by Charles II. to the Pendrell family, as a mark of his gratitude, for their having been very instrumental in his preservation.\* The snuffers are somewhat larger than the size now in common use; the stand and extinguisher are in the same proportion. The angular and circular parts, which form a sort of frame-work, are made of brass, and the interstices are filled up with plates of coloured porcelain. The watch-key is the size of the engraving, and is made of the heart of oak: it is about three-eighths of an inch thick, is faced on each side with a plate of silver, and is surmounted by an acorn of the same metal. On one side is engraved the branching oak, with the head of Charles II.; and on the other is the following inscription—"Quercus Car. 2d. Conservatrix. 1651." The pipe of the key is of brass.

These relics are in the possession of Mrs. Cope, of No. 3, Regent-street, Westminster; who is a descendant of the Pendrell family. Her father lies buried in St. Giles's churchyard, where a tomb erected to his memory may be seen.

Mrs. Cope is the rightful heir to the pension granted by King Charles to her ancestors; but the registers that would have proved this were burnt, with the Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, many years ago, by a mob excited to desperation by the cry, "No Popery."

AMICULUS.

\* For some particulars of the family, see *Mirror* vol. xiii. p. 419—vol. xiv. p. 35.



(Snuffers.)

## The Public Journals.

BERANGER, THE FRENCH POET.

[In the last number of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* there is a spirited analysis of the songs of this celebrated *chansonniere*. Pierre Jean de Beranger was born in Paris in 1782, of humble parentage. Having been apprenticed to a printer, a taste for poetry was fostered by his master striving to teach him to spell correctly, who thus repaired the deficiencies of his early education. Amidst the turbulent scenes in Paris during his youth, he appeared to pass his time in an aimless manner, with all the reverses which generally attend the pursuits of a *litterateur*. After wearing on in poverty and disappointment until 1803, as a last expedient he inclosed some of his poems to Lucien Buonaparte, a man of taste, of an amiable mind, and a lover of poetry himself, who lent a helping hand immediately to the young poet and administered to his immediate wants. He also procured for him a small appointment in the Bureau of Public Instruction, which Beranger retained until the Restoration. He now began to study with some definite aim, and devoted himself to the cultivation of that species of writing which has secured for him fame. His first publications were little more than happy specimens of the common French song, (than which, nothing can be more simple and unpretending,) but he soon conceived the ambition of lending bolder wings to his muse: "he was but playing with the foil, until his hand should become familiar with a brighter weapon." On the restoration the Bourbons began Beranger's decided efforts as a satirist—"He threw his muse," says the reviewer, "into the arms of the people; his songs were composed for the commonest street airs; his language, without losing its grace or propriety, became more pointed, terse, and vernacular; his aim was to give his countrymen a music which should rally them round the banners of the cause for which they were to fight. Various and spirit stirring were its accents; now quick in sarcasm, now indignant in denunciation; at times softened by allusions to former days, and arousing, with thrilling pathos, memories which were dear to the hearts of the people."

In 1821, Beranger published by subscription a second collection of his songs. Ten thousand copies were instantly subscribed for. The Government took alarm, and dismissed him from his little office in the Bureau of Public Instruction: and this was followed up by a prosecution on charges of sedition, blasphemy, &c. He was sentenced to an imprisonment of three months, and a fine of 300 francs. It made his fortune, for as he himself writes, "the nation now took charge of his fortunes."

When Charles X. ascended the throne, Beranger's muse pursued that unhappy dynasty with all its sarcasm and poignancy. The ministers of that monarch did not allow him to escape so easily. He was again prosecuted, sentenced to imprisonment for nine months, and a fine levied of 10,000 francs. This was raised by a general subscription. Since the revolution of 1830, the path of emolument and distinction has lain open to Beranger, but he has constantly refused to enter it. "Beranger's personal character," says the writer, "exists in his writings; modest, gay, and affectionate, a lover of independence, not averse to self-indulgence, but alive to all the best emotions of human nature—such is the poet—such is the man. Little need be added to complete the portrait which we have now attempted to give of Beranger. Few who have accompanied us in the examination of his writings, will require to be told that we regard him as a poet of a very high order. A brief enumeration of the qualities on behalf of which we assign to him this great praise, is all that will now be requisite. They are,—a bright and strong imagination; a variety which never exhausts itself; an alternate tenderness and force, blended in the happiest combinations; a clear, intellectual vision, whereby he embraces, with commanding effect, the most striking forms and qualities of whatsoever he portrays; a wit, warm, brilliant, and genial; and a large capacity of soul, which can entertain with equal propriety the slightest and the most elevated themes. Of the graces of his manner and language, no translation, no description can afford the most distant conception; the melody, the simplicity, the sly and caressing tone of his songs, defy all imitation; and, even in the original, require, for their due appreciation, no superficial knowledge of the language, which he employs with such consummate felicity and art. He has left behind him no successor to his reputation; and we do not think it possible that any future time can produce a competitor, to dethrone him from his place of allowed supremacy over his country's song, which his genius has so nobly embellished and enlarged."

We conclude with the poet's own touching and noble farewell.]

## ADIEU CHANSONS!

"Or late, my faded garland to revive,  
In accents soft, or learned, or severe,  
I thought to sing,—when lo! I saw arrive  
The Fay that nursed my childhood's earliest year.  
'Seek shelter for the long, cold eve of life,  
For winter's breath hath silvered o'er thy head,  
Long years of toil have dulled thy voice,' she said:  
'The voice that dared to brave the tempests strife.  
My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute!  
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute!  
'Gone are the days,' she said, 'when, like a lyre,  
Thy bounding soul to every mood could thrill,  
And thy glad nature, like a shooting fire,  
O'er the dim sky shed meteor-beams at will."

Thy heaven is narrower now, and full of gloom ;  
The friend's long laugh was silenced long ago,  
How many gone ! and thou art following slow,—  
Thine own Lisette is sleeping in the tomb.

My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !  
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

" Yet bless thy lot :—By thee, a voice of song  
Hath stirred the humblest of a noble race ;  
And music, flying, bore thy words along  
To ears unused to learning's rigid grace.

Your Tullys speak to cultured crowds alone,—  
But thou, in open fens with kingly sway,  
Hast wed, to give full chorus to thy lay,  
The people's measures to the lyric tone.

My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !  
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

" Thy shafts, that even dared to pierce a throne,  
By a fond nation gathered as they fell,  
From far and near, she bade, in concert thrown,  
Back to their aim ten thousands arms impel.  
And when that throne its thunders thought to wield,  
In three brief days old weapons blew it down :—  
Of all the shots in velvet and in crown,  
How many charges sent thy muse a-field !

My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !  
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

" Bright is thy share in those immortal days,  
When booty vainly wooed thine eyes with gold :—  
That past, adorning all thy years, shall raise  
Content, to live and gracefully grow old  
To younger ears the noble tale repeat,  
Direct their bark, the hidden rock display,—  
If France should boast their deeds, some future day,  
Warm thine old winter at their glories' heat.

My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !  
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

" Kind Fairy, at the needy poet's door,  
Benign, in time you warn him to retire ;  
Then come, new inmate, to my dwelling poor,  
Oblivion—of repose the child and sire !  
Some aged men, who shall not all forget,  
Will say, with moistened eyelids, when I die,  
This star, one evening, shone awhile on high—  
God veiled its lustre long before it set !

My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !  
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

#### TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY OF SILVIO PELLICO.

(Concluded from page 277.)

THE health of Pellico, which had at first improved a little by the change of lodging, now began rapidly again to decline. Severe headaches, with violent fever, and dreadful spasms of the chest, tortured him day and night. In their conversations he mentioned his situation to Oroboni. He too, who had long been declining, was one evening worse than usual. " My friend," said he, " I perceive the day is not far off when one of us two will no longer be able to come to the window. Every time we salute each other may be the last. Let us hold ourselves prepared, therefore, the one to die, the other to survive his friend." Poor Oroboni's presentiment was correct. Various discharges of blood from the lungs in rapid succession, and followed by dropsy showed that he was destined to precede his friend. He soon became aware of his situation, and often looking towards the burying ground of the castle, of which his window commanded a view, he would express to Pellico the deep pain it gave him, notwithstanding all his efforts at resig-

nation, to think that his remains were destined to moulder beneath a German instead of an Italian sky. After lingering till June, 1823, he expired, his last words being, " I pardon from my heart all my enemies." His patience had won the hearts of all his attendants. Kubitzky, the sentinel, who had attended the bier to the grave, and who knew his wish, said to Pellico, with a degree of delicate feeling which surprised him, " I have marked his burial place exactly, that if any of his friends should obtain permission to carry his bones to his own country, they may know where they lie."

His death was followed by that of Antonio Villa, another of Pellico's companions in misfortune. Even poor Schiller, worn out with age and infirmities, was removed from the active duties of gaoler, and could no longer by his kindness soften the rigour of imprisonment.

While friend after friend had thus been taken from him by death, one comfort was at last vouchsafed to Pellico. Maroncelli was allowed to share his cell. A new stimulus was given to both for a time by this indulgence. The liberation also of two of the prisoners, which took place about this time, (Solera and Fortini,) one of whom had been condemned to fifteen, and the other to twenty years' imprisonment, revived their hopes that at last the hour of deliverance would approach even for them. The end of 1827 they thought would be the term of their imprisonment ; but December past and it came not. Then they thought that the summer of 1828 would be the time, at which period the seven and a half years' of Pellico's imprisonment terminated, which, from the report of the emperor's observation to the commissary, they had reason to think were to be held equivalent to the fifteen, which formed the nominal amount of the sentence. But this too passed away without a hint of deliverance.

The 1st of August, 1830, was a Sunday. Ten years had now nearly elapsed since Pellico had first been imprisoned ; eight and a half since he had been consigned to the *carcere duro* of Spielberg. Pellico had returned as usual from mass ; he had been looking from the terrace upon the cemetery where the dust of Oroboni and Villa reposed, and thinking that his own would shortly be laid beside them. The prisoners were preparing their table for their meal, when Wegrath, the superintendent, entered. " I am sorry," said he, " to disturb your dinner, but have the goodness to follow me—the director of police is waiting for you." As this gentleman's visits generally indicated nothing very pleasant to the prisoners, it may be supposed, followed their guide somewhat reluctantly to the audience-room. They found there the director and the superintendent, the former of whom bowed to them

more courteously than usual, then taking a paper from his pocket he began—"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure, the honour, of announcing to you that his majesty the emperor has had the kindness—" Here he stopped without mentioning what the kindness was.

"We thought," says Pellico, "it might be some diminution of punishment, such as freedom from labour, the use of books or a less disgusting diet. 'You do not understand me then,' said he. 'No, Signor. Have the goodness to explain what this favour is.' 'Liberty for both of you, and for a third, whom you will soon embrace.' One would suppose this announcement would have thrown us into transports of joy. Yet it was not so: our hearts instantly reverted to our relations, of whom we had heard nothing for so long a period, and the doubt that we might never meet them again in this world so affected our hearts, as entirely to neutralize the joy which might have been produced by the announcement of liberty.

"Are you silent," said the director of police; 'I expected to see you transported with joy.' 'I beg of you,' I answered, 'to express to the emperor our gratitude; but, uncertain as we are as to the fate of our families, it is impossible for us not to give way to the thought that some of those who are dear to us may be gone. It is this uncertainty that oppresses our minds, even at the moment when they should be open to nothing but joy.'

"The director then gave Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which allayed his anxiety. He told me, however, he could give me no tidings of my family, and this increased my fears that some accident had befallen them.

"Retire," said he, 'to your room, and in a short time I shall send to you the third individual to whom the emperor's clemency has been extended.' We went and waited with anxiety. Perhaps, we thought, it is the poor old man Murani. We thought of many; there was none, in fact, who had not our good wishes. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was to be Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia. We conversed till evening, deeply pitying those whom we were to leave behind. At sunset the director of police returned to rescue us from this ill-omened abode. Our hearts groaned as we passed before the prisons of our friends, at the thought that we could not take them along with us. Who knew how long they were destined to languish there?—how many of them to be the slow victims of death! A soldier's cloak and cap were placed on each of us, and in our old galley-slave attire, but divested of our chains, we descended the fatal hill, and were conducted through the city to the prisons of the police. It was a

lovely moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met, all appeared to me so delightful, so strange, after so many years, during which I had looked on no such spectacle. \* \* \* After four days the commissary arrived, and the director of police transferred us to him, putting into his hands at the same time the money we had brought to Spielberg, and that produced by the sale of our books and effects, which was delivered to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was liberally defrayed by the emperor."

The weakness of Pellico's health when he set out from Brinn rendered it necessary for him to remain for some time in Vienna, for the sake of medical attendance. His anxiety to depart, it may easily be imagined, was not lessened by the news of the *three days* of Paris, which reached him on his arrival. It is a singular coincidence that the day on which the French revolution broke out was that on which the emperor had signed the warrant for their liberation. Pellico knew not however what baleful influence the state of matters in France might have upon the views of the emperor, and began to fear that though they might not again be recommitted to their Moravian prison, they might be transported to some imperial town, far distant from their native country. While visiting the palace at Schonbrunn as he began to be convalescent, in company with the commissary, whose presence was still required, and Maroncelli, the emperor passed, and the prisoners were directed to stand a little aside, that the sight of their miserable figures might not annoy him. At last, however, the warrant arrived for their departure from Vienna. Another attack of illness seized Pellico at Bruck; but, tormented by the home-sickness of the mind, he considered the sickness of the body as comparatively unimportant, and after being bled and taking a liberal supply of the medicine which had formerly relieved him (*digitalis*), he insisted on their route being resumed. They crossed through Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia: at Feldkirchen they had to halt again, till new orders for their route should arrive. At last they came—*Italy—was* to be their destination!

"I exulted," says Pellico, "along with my companions at the news, but still the thought occurred that some terrible disclosure for me might be at hand, that father, mother, or some one most dear to me might be no more. My depression of spirits increased as we approached Italy. The entrance to it on that side has few charms for the eye; or rather the traveller descends from the beautiful mountains of Germany into the plains of Italy, by a long, sterile, and unlovely track, which gives to foreigners but an unprepossessing idea of our country. The dull aspect

of the country contributed to render me more melancholy. To see once more our native sky, to meet with human faces whose features bore not the aspect of the north, to hear on all sides our own idiom,—all these melted my heart, but with an emotion more akin to sorrow than joy. How often in the carriage did I cover my face with my hands, pretend to be asleep, and weep. Long years of burial had not indeed extinguished all the energies of my mind, but, alas! they were now so active for sorrow, so dull, so insensible to joy! \* \* \* \* Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, reminded me of so many things! A young man who had been my friend, and had perished in the Russian campaign, had been a native of the first; Conegliano was the place where the Venetian turnkeys told me poor Zanze (Angela) had been conducted during her illness; in Ospedaletto an angelic and unfortunate being had been married, now no more, but whom I had loved and honoured once, whose memory I love and honour still. In all these places, in short, recollections more or less dear crowded upon me, in Mantua particularly. It appeared to me but yesterday since I had come thither with Ludovico in 1815, with Porro in 1820. The same streets, squares, palaces,—but how many social differences! How many of my acquaintances carried off by death, how many in exile! A generation of adults whom I had seen but in infancy! And to be still prevented from flying from house to house, to inquire after one, to impart consolation to another! To complete my distress, Mantua was the point of separation between Maroncelli and myself.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the morning of the 16th of Sept. the final permission arrived. And from that moment I was liberated from all surveillance. How many years had elapsed since I had enjoyed the privilege of going where I would unaccompanied by guards. I set out about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of them deaf and dumb. They came from Rome, and I was gratified to learn that they were acquainted with the family of Maroncelli. We spent the night at Vercelli. The happy morning of the 17th of September dawned. Our journey proceeded. How slow the conveyance seemed! It was evening ere we reached Turin.

"Who can attempt to describe the transport, the consolation my heart received when I again saw and embraced father, mother, and brothers. My dear sister Josephine was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri, but she hastened as soon as possible to join our happy group. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was

—I am the most enviable of mortals. Then, for all these past sorrows and present happiness, for all the good or ill which fate may have in store for me, blessed be that Providence in whose hands men and events, with or without their will, are but wonderful instruments for the promotion of its all-wise and beneficent ends!"

So ends this pure strain of gentle and devotional feeling, leaving at its close an impression on the mind like that produced by soft and melancholy music.

#### SONG OF THE WATER GUEUSE.

THE beggars' band that walks the land  
May roam the dale and lea;  
But freer still from man's command  
Are those that walk the sea.  
The landsman sues; but to refuse  
He leaves the rich man free.  
But none deny the Water Gueuse—  
The Beggar of the Sea!  
Nor corn, nor grain, has he the pain  
To purchase or to till;  
And Spanish churls their wines must drain  
The Beggar's flask to fill.  
His robes are roll'd with many a fold  
Of canvass white and fine;  
His wallet is the good ship's hold,  
His staff the mast of pine.  
By land the brave, foul fortune's slave,  
May meet by her decree,  
The headsman's stroke, the traitor's grave  
Beneath the gallows-tree;  
But ne'er to kneel before that steel  
Shall be the Gueuse's lot,  
Or writhing in mid air to feel  
The suffocating knot.  
If foes prevail, not ours to quail  
Or sue for grace to Spain;  
Our ensign to the mast we nail  
And fire the powder-train;—  
Nor ours to rest in earth unblest  
Or rot beneath the turf.  
Old Ocean takes us to his breast,  
And wraps us in his surf.  
And now to trowl one lusty bowl  
Before we mount the wave,  
Here's rest to gallant Egmont's soul,  
Health to the living brave!  
While conquest's fame gilds Nassau's nam—  
That leader of the free,—  
No chain can bind, no threat can tame,  
The Beggar of the Sea!

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### The Sketch-Book.

THE WALHAM WAG.

(From the Diary of a John-Hunter.)

\* \* SAM answered my knock. "Master's out, sir," said he; "found himself very queer and quishyish this morning, so he's took the Fulham stage, and gone down to Mr. Hook's." Felt exceedingly queer and quishyish myself, and determined on following the example of so good a judge. Made the best of my way to the White Horse Cellar. Mat Webster was there—clean as usual, but evidently down upon his luck. Inquired the reason. "Why it's a blue



look out, master," said he. "Here now arter trying for more nor a month, and spending within a trifle, one and ten pence to bring the thing to a final commencement, they turns their beggarly backs and laughs in my face. Only I couldn't afford it, mind me, I'd ha' set to and kicked 'em!" Begged him to afford me further particulars. "Why, to tell you the truth, master," said Mat, "I thought I'd made my fortin—but my inwention's all smoke, it seems—other people inwented the same thought years ago. I found the way to make a shilling bottle o' blacking for two pence—winegar included: but the blacking-makers calls that extrawagant, and says a shilling's worth, bottle and all, only costs 'em five farthings—or helse how should I think they could live?"

Condoled with Mat on his misfortune, and inquired for the queerest coachman. Mat said that Walham Jem was the rummest kiddy on the road, barring Duck-nosed Dick. "But the latter warment," added Mat, "arn't so conversible: that's Jem a coming up—he with the blue muzzle and white hat, what looks so wicked—him there what's all clothes and hands—barring his face. I had occasion to tip him a dig in the ogle t'other day, and you see, master, he han't struck my colours yet."

Jem now approached—"Fulham, sir," said he; "a box vacant." Agreed to ride by his side, and in rather more than ten minutes we started. Over the stones conversation was out of the question, but the moment we got on the road we had "a talk" to the following effect.

"Bad black eye that of yours, Jem—how did you get it?"

"I was trying to wink, sir."

"Your near horse is lame in the off fore-foot, Jem?"

"High grand-actioned horse that! Lamed himself last night by striking his toe against his upper teeth. Been a charger!"

"The other's lame too—"

"Yes: he trod upon a *frog*—poor thing!"

"How he whistles!"

"Ah; he's unvaluable, sir. Got a *thrush* in each foot."

"What time will you reach Fulham?"

"I shall draw the *boot* of my wehecle on the foot of the bridge precisely at eleven."

"Why, you're a punster, I perceive!"

"No; I'm a Chelseaman—birth, parentage, and education."

"Write a good hand?"

"Not at all—I was born a *pen-shunner*—close by the college; but for all that I can make my mark to a receipt for any amount. Twig this here old gentleman—"Fulham, sir?" I only says that to plague him. He's a rear-admiral. *Rear* indeed, and can't ride a rocking-horse! He won't travel with me?"

"How have you offended him?"

"Why one night when we got to his door, being a mighty uppish sort of a cove, he wouldn't lean on my arm; which the step was broken, and down he fell flat under the porch. 'Why, admiral,' says I, 'you've struck your flag!'"

"So you lost your passenger by your joke?"

"Joke—I can't see no joke in it."

"Then you don't know what a joke is?"

"Don't I? Only look at this lady with a little boy in her arms what's a coming—now this is what I calls a joke. 'Beg your pardon, ma'am, there's the child's shoe—on its foot!' Did you twig how frustrated she was—and how she looked about her; and how, when I said 'on its foot,' she half-laughed, half-frowned, and went off blushing, giggling, and biting her lip. I had a joke with Buckle what keeps the Goat and Boots this morning. I made a little hole in a horridge, sucked all the juice out, and then blowed it up with my breath so as to make it look quite nat'al. Along comes Buckle in a gig with his wife; and just as we was a passing one another, I tosses him this here make-believe horridge. 'Thankye, Jem,' says he, while it was a falling—but when he cotched it in his whip-hand and found it crumple up to nothing in his grasp—Oh, crikey!—Here he comes—solus and sulky—left his wife at Walham Green, I reckon—won't speak I can see. 'Buckle—Buckle—(and Jem pointed to the vacant seat in the gig as he spoke)—why Buckle you've dropped your *tongue*!'"

"Now that's a very fair joke. Buckle himself turned round and shook his fist and grinned at you for it."

"Well, I can't see nothing of a joke in it for my part. I wish I knowed exactly what a joke was. Then I shouldn't lose no passengers—nor yet get laughed at so often. Now there was t'other day, Mr. Coggan says to Blanch—no, Mr. Blanch says to Mr. Coggan, 'Coggan,' says he, 'that there breed o' bantams I bought of you don't answer—they're all cocks.' 'Well, sir,' says I, 'there's one comfort—if you don't get no chickens you gets lots of *crows*.' With that both of 'em set to and laughed at me—quite disagreeable. Well, presently Coggan says to Blanch, says he, 'It's all the same cocks or hens—for no fowls could thrive in such a hole of a hen-house as that—the water comes in from all quarters—it's a regular fishpond.' 'That's true enough,' says I, 'for one day I saw a *perch* or two in it myself.' Upon this they laughed at me worse than before; but when they began to talk about Mr. Coggan's own poultry—fine black Spanish birds as ever was seen, with combs as big as beef steaks and white ear-bags just like pillow cases, I made an observation which they took up in such a way as put my pipe out completely. 'Tellee what it is,' said Mr. Coggan, 'do all in the power of man, and sometimes birds

will fail as well as coachmasters. Now there's my stock—they don't half get on—not as I could wish; can't tell how it is—but they're overrun with vermin.' 'That's odd too, sir,' says I, 'for no fowls' heads can be better *combed*.' This innocent observation o' mine got me a dig in the ribs on one side from Mr. Coggan, and a ditto ditto on t'other from Mr. Blanch, and away they went, quite ungentelemanly, laughing at me like Winkin."

"Who was Winkin, Jem?"

"A printer's apprentice, what run away with little 'Gin and Bitters,' Mother Water-ton's barmaid at the Red Cow, and hung himself two days arter, because her breath always smelt of pump water. There goes Miss Evelina Develina Thingumbob—the female swell—she's cut me for a downright good honest hagshun. In course, sir, you can't be so hignorunt as not to know that *bustle* is *tin*, which means money. Very well. One day I sets her down at the bottom of Bond-street, and arter she'd paid me—while I was putting up the steps—I sees a farthing on the flags; so thinking in course it was her property, I runs arter her, calling out, 'Hollo ma'am—you've dropped your *bustle*!' Wi' that she puts down one hand just under her waist in front, and t'other like lightning just under her waist behind, where in some out-and-out swell ladies, there's an opening to the pocket,—which, what with nutmegs, nutmeg graters, the cupboard keys, and so forth, makes them stick out so in that department. 'Good heavens,' says she, 'my *bustle*!' and she'd have fainted if I hadn't showed her the farthing. You'd hardly believe it, may be, but as sure as I'm here sitting, she slapped my face and won't never ride wi' me since. Now there's a gentleman at that bow-window—he in the green coat, with the smutty mug—what looks as though he'd rubbed his face again a nigger—we calls him Dr. Tarpaulin—"

"Why?"

"I suppose, because he's the biggest liar going: he'll make you believe the most unbelievable thing whatsoever—and then laugh at you for believing it. He always rides with me. Tellee why—though I don't see no reason in it. There was a bit of a heifer—a poor stunted thing—a downright calf to all appearance, met with a misfortune on Barnes' Common—she fell down a quarry and died. Nobody owned her: so Dr. Tarpaulin had her lugged up to his shop—he's wetinary surgeon—to make into a skeleton. While he was a opening her, I popped in with a horse what had got the grease—my fellow servant had basted him so, and by jingo, the poor little hannimal proved to be in calf. 'Why she's nothing but a calf herself,' says Dr. Tarpaulin. 'Well,' says I, putting in my spoke, 'I've often heard of

such a thing before, but this is the wery first time ever I saw a *weal* within a *weal*.' 'Jem,' says he, 'that's a good un!' and he's rid with me regular ever since because o' that common observation, which he must have heard ten thousand times afore."

"Allow me to tell you it was a joke, Jem."

"No such thing, sir, axing your pardon: this is a joke as you shall see. There's Mr. Burchell's man, and Colonel MacLeod's man—both blackeymoors—standing at their masters' garden gates, and looking down the road as if they was a waiting for the milkman or summat, while all the time the lazy wagabones is doing nothing but dawdling to see my coach pass. Now you'll please to notice how I'll make 'em front about. The nearest—this here chap to the left, is Mr. Burchell's Pompey—I say Inky-face—did ee see how he turned? Now for t'other; 'Hollo! Alabaster—what's lignum whitey?' There—he knows his name, because for why? Alabaster and Inky-face is all one—black and white being the same thing. Some people calls me 'Gipsey,' because I'm brownish—and others knows me by the name of 'Lilly white,' for the same reason.—But dash my rags, if here an't some o' the Royal family—notice the coachman." This gentleman was *worthy* of notice; his livery coat was intensely scarlet; his complexion crimson, his eye lurid and blood-shot. My companion hallooed to him in stentorian tones as the two vehicles passed each other, "Why, coachee! you looks as if you'd been put in a smith's forge, and *blowed red-hot*."

"Jem, I must ride with you again: set me down at the top of Fulham town."

"Thankye, sir, but afore we reaches the corner, talking of jokes, I'll make bold to tell you the best joke I knows. One night 'twas my last journey, I'd just stepped into Jernyn-street to get a go of Kennet ale, to wash down my wittles, while my vehicle was at the cellar; when, as I was coming back, I puts up my foot on a stone what propped a post in St. James's-street, to tie my shoe. Well, it so happened, that just then, some nobleman, who'd lost all he had, as I should think, at one of the club-houses, comes along, —chock full of fury, without having nobody to abuse—when he sees me bent double with my back towards him. So—mind me, we'd no acquaintance, it was the first time we met—he takes a bit of a run and gives me a kick behind what sends me bang into the middle of the road, saying, says he, 'Hang you! you're *always* tying that shoe!'"

"Well! and what did you do?"

"I laughed fit to split my sides; for thinks I, he's lost his *tin*; and supposing I'd been regularly *cleaned out* at a club-house and set eyes on a coachman, what I'd never seen afore, a-tying his shoe under a lamp-post, I should have made so free as to kick

him into the middle of the road, saying, says I, 'Hang you! you're *always* tying that shoe of your's!'—Now, that to my fancy, is a joke."—*Monthly Magazine*.

### The Gatherer.

WHERE the soul drinks of misery's power,  
Each moment seems a lengthened hour;  
But when bright joy illumines the mind,  
Time passes as the fleetest wind.  
How to a wicked soul must be  
Whole ages of eternity!

C. L.—B.

**Early Rising.**—(To the Editor.)—To the list of those eminent persons set forth as early risers, at p. 122 of your present volume, might have been added the name of the venerable John Wesley; who, in his sermon, on redeeming the time, says "that for sixty years he invariably rose at four o'clock in the morning;" and very frequently during that period he preached at five, to very large assemblies, throughout the United Kingdom.

THEOPHILUS.

**The Coif.**—The use of the coif was to cover the *tonsura clericalis*, or clerical crown, because the crown of the head was originally close shaved, and only a border of hair left around the lower part, which gave it the appearance of a crown.—Spelman conjectures that coifs were introduced to hide the tonsure of such renegade clerks as were still tempted to remain in the secular courts in the quality of advocates, notwithstanding their prohibition by canon.—The modern coif is a badge of a sergeant-at-law, who is called Sergeant of the Coif: it is of lawn, and is worn on the head, under the cap, when they are created, and ever after. In ancient days, coifs were worn by knights, which were iron skull caps under their helmets.

P. T. W.

(From the Latin.)

As swallows shrink before the wintry blast,  
And gladly seek a more congenial soil,  
So flatterers halt when fortune's lure has past,  
And basely court some richer lordling's smile.

C. L.—B.

**Chatterton.**—This unfortunate youth had written a political essay for the *North Briton*, which, though accepted, was not printed, owing to the death of the Lord Mayor. The patriot thus calculated the death of his great patron, as found among his papers:

Lost by his death in this essay	- - -	£. s. d.
Gained in elegies	- - - - -	£2 2 0
Gained in essays	- - - - -	3 3 0
		5 5 0

Am glad he is dead by - - - - - £3 13 6

**News for certain London Criers.**—Old clothes are the favourite article of exchange at Prince's Island, money being of little or no value. Again, in the isle of Anobona, money seems to be of no value, for the na-

tives will not receive it, but look upon old clothes as the staple commodity. Shirts, trousers, and handkerchiefs are most in demand; but they seem to have no idea of the relative value of these articles, and take especial care to give as little as possible for every thing.

**Inn Signs.**—At Grantham, in Lincolnshire, from the eccentricity of the lord of the manor, who formerly possessed the majority of the houses in the town, there is at the present time the following inns that have the word *Blue* attached to their signs: viz.—Blue Boat, Blue Sheep, Blue Bull, Blue Ram, Blue Lion, Blue Bell, Blue Cow, Blue Boar, Blue Horse, and Blue Inn. By way of completing this blue catalogue, a wag, whose house belonged to himself, and who resided near the residence of his lordship, a few years ago, actually had the Blue Ass placed on his sign.—In Castlegate, Grantham, near the church, a Bee-hive is substituted for a sign-board, with the following inscription underneath:

Stop! Traveller, this word'rous sign explore,  
And say when thou hast viewed it o'er,  
Grantham, now, two rarities are thine,  
A lofty steeple,\* and a living sign.

W. K. G.

**African Militiaman.**—A tall, stout black, carrying a rusty musket, having his head covered with an old straw hat; his body with a grey jacket, out at elbows, the sleeves too short for his long arms; coarse shirt, of incalculably remote purification; and unmentionables of an unknown colour, and most perforated and cribriform construction; shoes and stockings *desunt*.

**The Pine-Apple.**—On the western coast of Africa, the pines, though not so deliciously flavoured as those of English or West Indian growth, are nevertheless very excellent, and so plentiful, that sixty of them may be had for a dollar, or somewhat less than a penny each.

**Bread and Milk in Africa.**—In the market of Freebourn, on the western coast of Africa, bread and milk are the most expensive of all the articles—a small roll, of the value of one penny in England, costing there three pence, and a quart of goat's milk nearly two shillings.

\* Nearly 300 feet.

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